

ISLINGTON:

OR, THE

HUMOURS

OF

New Tunbridge Wells,

Entertaining and Useful,

Adapted to the Taste of both Sexes and all Ages:

OR,

The Blazing Star in the World of the *Moon*;
Being a true Description of the Company, Characters, Manners, and Conversation of the various Inhabitants, with some poetical Embellishments, useful Speculations, serious and comical Puns, Crotchets and Conclusions. That this World has a blind Side, a dark Side, and a bright Side, and that no Man's Fate is so dark, but when the bright Star shines upon it, it will return its Rays, and shine for itself. That all Things here turn like the Moon, up to Day, down to Morrow, Full and Change, Flux and Reflux. The various Characters lively represented.

*Address'd to Mrs. Reason, who represents the Chief Character.
(Mistress of the Wells.)*

As these Characters are merely to expose Vice and Folly, let none pretend to a Key, or look on these Pictures least he finds his own.

Gentlemen and Ladies,

This Pamphlet sure in too much haste was writ,
To be o'ercharg'd with either Plot or Wit,
'Twas got, conceiv'd and born in six Hours Space,
And Wit you know's as slow in Growth as Grace.

The Blazing STAR: An ODE.

Humbly address'd to the PRINCESS ROYAL.

LONDON: Printed for *W. Webb*, near the Royal Exchange, and Sold by the Pamphlet Shops of London and Westminster, and *Miss Reason* at the Wells. 1723.

NOTES

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ISLINGTON, &c.

Mrs. REASON,



YOU well know we have in this World of the Moon, a strange Sort of Glass, that does not so much bring to the Eye, as by, I know not what wonderful Operation carries out the Eye to the Object and quite varies from all the Doctrines of Opticks, by forming several strange Phænomena in Sight, which we are utterly unacquainted with. We find that the Natures

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Tempers

Tempers, Qualities, Actions and Way of Living are made up of innumerable Contradictions, we see here the *Wiseſt* FOOLS, and the *Fooliſheſt* WISEMEN in the World, the *WEAKEſT* ſtrongeſt, the *RICHEſT* pooreſt, moſt *GENEROUS* Covetous, *BOLD* Cowardly, *FALSE* Faithful, *SOBER* Diſſolute, *SURLY* Civil, *SLOTHFUL* Diligent, *PEACEABLE* Quarrelling, *LOYAL* Seditious *NATION* that ever was known. And now theſe following Characters being merely intended to expoſe Vice and Folly, let none pretend to a Key, nor ſeek for another's Picture leaſt he finds his own. 'Tis the Application makes the Aſs, according to the Proverb.

Enter the Wells. [5 i'th' Morn.]

[A Company of Sober Sotts.]

REASON. Good Morrow, *Gentlemen*, you are early this Morning.

Sober Sots, Ah! We were invited to a Club laſt Night, where in a low Room that ſtunk like a *Drunkard's* Morning Breath, ſome Gentlemen ſat round the Fire, complaining of Gouts, Conſumptions, Palfies, Rheumatifms, Catarrhs, &c. we ſat down with them over a brave flowing Bowl, and drank Healths around over the left Thumb, till the Morning, and are now come for a *Cooler*.

Reason.

Reason. Gentlemen, *Health-drinking* according to *St. Austin* was invented by *Pagans* and *Infidels*, who in their *Sacrifices* consecrated them to the Honour, Name and Memory of *Belzebub*. *Wine* or other strong *Liquors* immediately taken makes Men think themselves wondrous wise, but they are like *Solomon's Fools* full of Words.

(7 a-Clock 700 Persons of both Sexes.

Two or three Sorts of *BUFFOONS*.

A Troop of them tread the Walks making wry Mouths, *mimical Gestures*, and *Antick Postures* show their Parts in flat and insipid *Quibbles* and *Clinches*, *Jingling* of Words or Syllables, the *Dregs* and Refuse of Wit, talk *obscenely*, *banter* too coarse, bitter, rude, pedantick, out of Season or out of Measure, their Jest full of Slander and Gall, striking at Kings, Parliaments, Ministry, Parents and Friends, after speaking laugh first, and generally alone, droll and scoff at the false Steps of others, weary their own Company with their own, at length meet with their Match, are mortified extreamly; for Buffoons can no more endure to be out-fool'd than *Nero* to be out-fiddled.

Reason. Buffoons while they think to make Sport for others commonly become *Laughing Stocks* themselves; to all
but

but those who *pity* them. *Smutty and immodest Discourse* is an intolerable *Rudeness*; even to be avoided both in *Sound* and *Signification*.

“ All that’s *obscene* does always give
Offence,

“ And Want of *Decency*, is Want of
Sense.

To abuse Inferiors is *base*, *Superiors* dangerous. *Friends*, to loose them and a *Stranger* to loose yourself; at least in the World’s Esteem. Study inoffensive Wit. He whose *Jests* make others afraid of his *Wit* had need be afraid of *their Memory*.

Criticks. They step gravely into the Walks wise enough in their own *Conceit* to correct an *Archbishop* in Divinity, or a *Walpole* in Politicks, pretend to an exquisite Niceness; censure *Cicero* for being too *verbose*, and *Virgil* for his *Rustic Stile*. They view nothing, no *Persons* on the *Walks*, but with a *Design* of passing a malicious *Sentence*.

Reason. By a *Critick* was originally understood a good *Judge*; but now it signifies no more than an *unmerciful Fault-finder*; two Steps above a *Fool*, and a great many below a *Wiseman*.---
'Tis the *Distemper* of *Wou'd be thought Wits*,

Wits, with an envious Curiosity to examine, censure and vilify *others*; as if they imagin'd it gave them an Air of *Distinction* and *Authority*, to regard others with an *Air* of *Contempt*. But disparaging what is generally applauded, makes Men look'd upon as singular Fops and wretched Judges. However, no general Rule, without Exceptions.

Envioso's. A little *Regiment* of both Sexes, (*Bastards of Diogenes*) Bounce on the Walks, as *Diogenes* did on the Carpet of *Plato*. *Sourness* appears in their *Muscles*. Commend a good *Divine*, they cry *Hypocrisy*; a *Philologer*, *Pedantry*, a *Poet*, *Rhyming*; a *SCHOOLMAN*, dull wrangling an *Honest Man*, *Plausibility*; or indeed commend any but themselves, and they are still furnish'd with a *Pish* before-hand. — As for Example, News was brought to *Caleb's* Ear, of some *Gentlemen* being preferr'd at *Court*, he was so tormented; the more 'twas talk'd of the more malevolent he grew, say what you would, he tells you the *Places* are not fit for the *Men*, or the *Men* for the *Places*, and says he further, while I have the Liberty of the *Press*, I'll Use or Abuse it at Pleasure, if I'm hang'd in an *Hemp*en *Halter* instead of a Blue String.

*It surely is a pretty Thing,
To be well hang'd in a Blue String.
Dear HARRY Bully, my dearest Brō-*
[ther,

*Let me be hang'd in one or 'tother,
I like not this abandon'd State!
I curse my Stars, I curse my Fate!
Hang then together, we will B,
Since MAR-all only hangs in F, I, G.*
——— O Hell!

*Then softly down the Stygian Well
Break, Ties of Friendship, Oaths, Let's*
[swim or sink,
Tho' we no Ne&tar for a Hundred Years
[must drink.

A certain *Envioso* on his entring the Walks, did his Nature such extream Violence in paying a hollow *Gratulation*, that he set all the *Company* around him a Laughing. They tell you, old *Demagogue Danvers* the pretended Patriot formerly an utter Enemy to the Town Bull, for his Long tho' Romish Horns, and his roaring Service in the Park, is so enamour'd with him, for his Roaring now, that 'tis agreed, That all *Envioses*, should roar Night and Day at Monarchs, Ministers and Bishops.

Reason replies, What Displeasure? No matter, says *Danvers*, it grieves my Soul

to hear *Robin* call'd a Politician, and a certain Bishop a Divine.

Gamesters, A Few of the most Polite ones dress'd and powder'd appear, and enquire, for Mr. *Knave*, at the *Club*, (by mistake) they were very pretty Fellows, much upon the Compliment, agreeable to all the Ladies that delighted in frothy Tales, Congeed and Bow'd like the witty Dancing-Masters, whose Brains lies more in their Heels than their Heads) — These *Gentry* generally use Finger-shades, Mouth-spirt, or Shoulder-dash. They drink a little Water for Fashion, prais'd it as a pretty Liquor for a Game at *Quadril*. But finding no Box and Dice, nor Whisk going forward, they whisk'd away, and made their Exit.

Hypocrites, There were some of several Denominations, as Papists, Jacobites many, and a few of the Male-content Presbyterians, they tread the North-walk, clash in Religion bitterly; but agree in Politicks, tho' from different Principles; however, they all wound Authority thro' the Sides of pretended Evil Counsellors.

Reason. Its extream Impudence in *private Persons* to censure *Superiors*; who standing upon such higher Ground, see Things in a better Light, and act by Motives hid from Vulgar Eyes, shun

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such

such, (say Reason farther,) that are ever Fly-blowing Peoples Ears, to breed Magots in their Heads, and Filth in their Mouths to bespatter Church and State.

The Duty of obeying is no less of Divine Appointment, than the Authority of Commanding. — He that forgets to render *Tribute* to whom *Tribute*, *Custom* to whom *Custom*, *Fear* to whom *Fear*; and *Honour* to whom *Honour* is due; should do well to remember, *Princes* have long *Hands* they catch afar off, and their *Blows* are *fatal*.

A Class of Impertinents. They swagger and snuff the Moon, tho' their *Breaths* stink worse than an old *Cock's*; they *swell* with the *Fury* of *Talking*, seem to mistake the *Nose* for the *Ears*, and with the *Pattering* of their Lips frequently bespatter their *Auditors* Face. They extort *Attention*, and at the *Period* of every Sentence *jog* and *punch* with their *Elbows* those next them; crying out, Is not this true, Sir? Am I not right, Sir? Is not this to the Purpose? Pray what do you think of it, Sir? What is your Judgment of the Matter? One of them in telling his Story would frequently loose his Breath; and before he recovered it, forgets his Discourse, and fall upon some other Conceit, how foreign soever to the Purpose.

“ But

- “ But still his Tongue ran on, the
 less
 “ Of Weight it bore, with greater
Ease ;
 “ And with its everlasting *Clack*,
 “ Set all Mens Ears upon the *Rack*.

At length, stumbling on his Wife and Children in the Walks, quoth he, Is not my Wife a *lovely Woman* ; upon my Word, she has Wit at Will. You never see, in all your Life, a prettier Boy than mine, he has such sweet Features and so many pretty ingenious Sayings ;--he had gone on, but one of the Moroso's who next appear interrupted him, by bawling out, Sir, Sir, Dr. *Lock* says, Troubling Company with one's *Wife* and *Children* is so far like laying them to the Parish ; every one will think himself over-burthened.

Reason. The Addressee the ~~Impertinent~~ tells them, that an insatiable Appetite of *Tatling* impertinently, exposes Men to great *Contradiction* and *Reproach*, and deprives them of the Benefit they might reap from the Discourse of *Men of Reason*. If Speech, says the Reasoner, be not *material* and *useful*, 'tis tedious and impertinent ; especially when People *speak* with their Elbows : Or,

As *Spaniards* talk in Dialogues,
By Heads and Shoulders, Nods and
Shrugs.

What is Folly in the Speaker is Pain
in the Hearer.

Knaves. These Set of Men are not a few in all Parts of the World, more famous for their Numbers, at *Jonathan's* Coffee-House and the adjacent Borders, (commonly called '*Change Alley*'), formerly they were called *fugglers*, but now *Stockjobbers*, and by the black Art of selling *Bear-skins*, are arrived to be *Gentlemen* of the *Clique* *; they keep Advice-Boats, and Horses to bring them News before the Post comes in, so that many of them wager great Sums with Certainties. 'Tis agreed on all Hands, they are famous for plotting and contriving, how, by *sham Letters*, *Lies* and *Stories*, to raise and fall Stocks as best suited their Purpose. They entice *Cullies* into *Bargains*,--like *Knaves* that *kidnap Men into Drink* and strip them at Play. By these and a Thousand other Tricks they have liv'd on Fools, as naturally as Spiders do on Flies. These Gentry even appear at *Tunbridge Wells*

but

Sale

* *Cliquers* are Servants to ~~men~~ and Shoemakers who stand or walk at the Shop Doors to invite and coaks the Customers.

but in deep Mourning, and 'tis hop'd are on the Stool of Repentance, for since this Bill to prevent the pernicious Art of Stockjobbing has been depending in the House, the Bull-Feasts have been postponed they have appeared more like Doves, a late, than Devils. For after the passing the Nineteen Resolutions at the *Swan Tavern*, in the Twentieth Resolution their Consciences being struck with Horror, in Memory of the Year 20. they had made provisional Schemes for encouraging Industry and Hammering out the Manufactures they were educated in as the Pamphlet call'd '*Change Alley* excised more at large expresses. You may observe them, their Heads hang down like Bull-rushes, they leave their Vices at *Jonathan's* and bring all the little Manners with them they were ever Masters of.

Reason. Mrs. *Reason* advises them never to act the Shark upon any; nor take Advantage of the Ignorance, Prodigality, or Necessity of another. She tells them, there is *nothing worth*, the being *dishonest*. Crimes though secret are never secure. Providence hath set up *Racks* and *Gibbets* in the *Consciences* of *Transgressors*. They all carry *Cain's* Fears about them. He that deserves Punishment, *expects* and is ever in Apprehension until

till detected ; his very Sleep is painful, and *Life* a Terror. *Nero* (after shedding much innocent Blood) might change his Bed-Chamber ; but yet his Fiends follow'd and were always with him.

Lawyers. They come in Sholes, in their *Temple*, *Lincoln's-Inn*, and *Gray's-Inn* laced Trimmings, as Counsellors, Lawyers, Attorneys, Solicitors, Petty-foggers. The Petty-foggers boast of their *Care* and *Business* to create *Feuds*, and animate *Differences*, tho' Solicitors solicit for the *Jobbs* : The Attorneys and Lawyers carry 'em thro' every Court boast of Victory, rend and tear their Clients to pieces for Money : The Counsellors plead in their Defence, Right or Wrong, at last poor Client's Cash is out, and they are set down in *Chancery-lane*, to hunt for a Breakfast, who for want of Equity die for Hunger. One tells you, he has an admirable *Knack* of improving Trifles and frivolous Contentions, into good fat Causes, as he call'd 'em ; that he could set *Man* and *Wife* at Variance the first Day of their *Marriage*, and *Parents* and *Children* the last *Moments* of their *Lives*. That he seldom troubled his Head with Cook upon *Littleton*. The *Law* lay in a little *Compass*. *Tryals* chiefly

ly depended upon *Evidence*, and let him alone to deal with *Witnesses*.

Reason. Gentlemen, there goes a Story; That two Travellers having found an Oyster; whilst contending who should have it, up comes a Lawyer, to whom the Matter was referred: (Parties heard) *Lawyer* whipt out his Knife, open'd the Oyster, swallow'd the Fish, gave Plaintiff and Defendant each a Shell, and gravely went on his Way.

Suppose it possible to fence against *Subornation* and *false Evidence*; can any be certain the Justice of his Cause shall outweigh the Subtilty of his Adversary's Counsel.

Will not Fear, Favour, Bribe and Grudg,

The same Cause several Ways judge?
Do not some Juries give their Verdict
As if they felt the Cause, not heard it?
And Witnesses too like Watches go,
As they're set too fast, or slow. *Hud.*

The Rich Man that attempts (at his Charge) to make such *Knaves* honest, will quickly see his own or die a *Beggar*. But the poor Fool that early engages in a *Law-suit*, commits himself to the House of Correction, where he must labour stoutly to pay his Fees.

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In short, Whoever flies to a knavish Lawyer for Succour (as a Sheep to the Bushes in a Storm) must expect to leave good part of his Coat behind him. But 'tis the *Quacks in Law* (like those in *Physick*) that makes the Remedy worse than the Disease. According to the *Proverb*, Good Right wants Good Assistance; and seeing *Great Britian* affords so many Lawyers; whose Learning and Integrity render them the Light and Wonder of the Age. He is doubly a Fool; that to defend his Right applies himself to a Scab, a mere Excrecence of a Lawyer, Exit.

Enter *Moroso's*. In Clusters they *infest* the Walks, having neither *Wit* for Discourse, *Breeding* for Civility, *Understanding* to know it, nor *Patience* to learn; but by *Pride*, *Obstinacy* and *Presumption*, are forfeited to perpetual Ignorance and Folly. View all things on the *wrong side*, and ever take them by that Handle, and take 'em in that Sense, which create themselves most uneasiness. They are *Surly*, *unpeacable*, *Troublesome*, and so many certain Negatives to whatever is advanced or asserted.

Speak to them with the greatest Precaution, they'll answer with a *Rugged Countenance* and *hasty words*, as if they delighted in *Disobliging*.

Their

Their very Courtesies are done with so much *Arrogance* and *Imputation* as render 'em *Intolerable*.

They mind little what others say, yet will answer with as much *Assurance*, as if they had heard *every word*. Their Opinion (like Impertinents) *being ever ready*, and ever *Idle*, yet they have a *Haughty and Obstinate way of maintaining it*. The more they *Drink* the more insolent they grow, till at length their Discourse are all Positions, and Definitive Decrees, with, *thus it is* and *thus it must be*; nor will they humble their Authority to prove it, so that you must submit or quarrel.

They boast in being Gentlemen, tho' they *bear a plain Point sanguine in their Arms*.

Reason, O ye *Moroso's*, ye are very troublesome Companions, and Strangers to the *sweetest thing upon Earth*; the pleasure of Pleasing.

Ye are Refractory in the most *Genuine Sense of the word*, for ye set yourselves to oppose the Inclinations of every one: yet some Men value less *being in the Wrong*, than to be thought so.

' For Fools are stubborn in their way

' As Coins are hardned by the Allay.

Do nothing that favours of a Domineering Spirit, but study to be *kind and sociable*;

sociable; and let each word and action manifest Civility and respect. To vex another is to teach him to vex us again. *Injuries awake Revenge*; and even an Ant can sting; or a Fly trouble our *Patience*. Positiveness oft betrays a Man to Quarrels and brings him into the same straight with *Balaam's Ass*; he must fall down flat, or run upon a sword. Avoid Cock-brain'd Fools, as you would an *Infectious Disease*, or an ignoble Death.

Enter Newsmongers. Barbers (many of them by trade) so possess'd by a *Party*; that 'tis meerely by Chance when they either speak or believe truth, when mellow fall a talking News as part of their profession. Others disappointed in trade for want of industry always begin with News, but end with detraction.

Others of them which are styl'd, *Catobites*, or *Danverians*, as belonging to *Caleb's party* of a higher *Class* than the former, being disappointed of preferments (as there are not places for all) condemn a Minister of State for putting his and the Governments Friends into Places of Trust and Honour, say that Benevolence ought to be prior to Friendship, (consequently Strangers to be employ'd before known Friends.) They condemn the Actions, Steps, and Designs of this, that, and the other Prince, General

neral, Minister of State, &c. They affirm they are base, imprudent, or unjust and had they the Management of Affairs, (believe them) Things would succeed much better.

Reason. The Character of a Newsmonger is very Ridiculous, and Contemptible: they generally deal more by Conjecture than *Allmanack-makers* and out lie Chancery Bills, and Epiraphs. And yet that such Pettyfoggers and Retailers of News and Politicks (national Demagogues) such poor Reptiles should presume by the baseness of their own Genius to judge of Princes and censure Ministers of State: *O tempora! O Mores!* poor *Jockies!* Beware of Busy-Bodies and *medlers in other Mens matters.* Their *over Zeal or under Wit makes them apt to* talk of things not only unprofitable, but Dangerous, to be either spoken, or heard.

Enter Projectors. They strut on the walks with a singular air, their Eyes circular darting artfully round the Globe. They boast of Projects from their Cradle; that they have Scores of Projects in Bud, Blossom; Green, and Ripe.

That to save Watermen the Labour of Rowing against Tide; they can contrive to make the *Thames* continually *ebb* on the one Side, and *flow* on the other: Which Project they intended to divide

into Shares and put in Practise, and open Books for Subscription of one Hundred Thousand Pounds, but the *Bill* depending in the House against *Stockjobbing* for the present had *postponed* their Subscription, they talk of *building* Castles in the Air, and of *benefiting Mankind* more than the Invention of Spectacles; (though they never yet obliged the World with any thing but Mousetraps.) Likewise, inventing of Ploughs to plough Grounds, without the Use of Horses, &c.

Reason. Gentlemen, many Projectors seem like those Astrologers, that can direct others to find hidden Treasure, while they themselves are out at Heels, and want Repairs at the Elbows. It is owned, indeed, that the Benefit accruing to *England*, from Sir *Walter Rawleigh's* Contrivance of Raising Tobacco and Sugar in our *Plantations*, will not allow us rashly to condemn all *Projects*: Yet great Adventures are like *Leaps* in *Hunting*, they bring a Man sooner into the Chace, but may chance to cost him a *Fall*. Remember, *Icarus*, by flying too high, melted his waxen Wings, and fell into the Sea. Consider what is practicable, and what not; and compute the Proportion, between the Means and the End, least too eagerly pursuing Things out of your Reach,

Reach, you consume your Life, in hope-
less and fruitless Undertakings.

Who ploughs the Clouds, can only
reap the Wind.

Enter Quacks. Quacks but a few
(there being none admitted free-coſt ex-
cept *regular Phyſicians*) they appear here,
with their ſuperſtitious Brows, Ebony
Canes, and Bands in *Querpo*. Whoſe
Learning conſiſts in *Superſcriptions* of
Apothecaries Gallipots, and in Names of
Difeaſes, learned from *Weekly Bills* of
Mortality; they ſtile themſelves Students
in *Aſtrology* and *Phyſick*, talk much of
Panaceas, Noſtrums, and Catholicons.
They tell you, they underſtand *Greek*;
for Inſtance (Quoth one of 'em) *Ephidio-
ſis* is ſweating; *Pblebotomia*, opening a
Vein, and *Enterenchyta*, a *Clyſterpipe*.
That of all Odours, he likes the ſmell of
Urine beſt; he had read over *Galen* and
Hypocrates, and many celebrated Authors,
and had diſcovered *Chalk* to be an *Alkali*,
Vinegar an *Acid* and Wine an Hypno-
tick. That by erecting Aſtrological
Schemes he could reſolve all Queſtions
in Phyſick and plainly diſcover every
Diſtemper, its Cauſe and Cure.

' And make his Patient's Star confeſſ
' Like Fools and Children what he pleaſe.

Nay that by Sigils, Charms and Talif-
mans; he could cure Diſtempers at
Nine

Nine Miles Distance and for a further Account of his Abilities, he refer'd you to the Publick Advertisements; where you might find his *Essentia Vitæ*, a rich Cordial for the Lawyers, and his Purg-ing Sugar Plumbs for Children.

Reason. Brown in his *Amusements* tells us indeed, of transfusing the Blood of an Ass into an Astrological QUACK. Such Blockheads are the Oracles of those that want Sense, and the Plague of them that have it.

Labour, to prevent Diseases (says Mrs. *Reason*, to her Guests in general) by Temperance, Sobriety and Exercise. Drink my Waters, they'll both cool and clarify the Brains for Religion and Politicks. But if *Sickness* should come, ne'er go to Empyricks for *Physick*, but to Regular Physitians; as, the Famous *Teachey, Shamberg, Hulje, Mead* and *Plumtree*. To take the Decriptions of *Quacks*, is next to Wilful-Murder; the most sovereign Remedy they can afford a Patient, is, their Absence.

Enter *Rakes*. In Sholes they tread the Walks (yet with some unusual Decency in Complaisance to Mrs. *Reason* and her Guests) they swagger with their Law-Trimnings, their Pumps, and their Pigtails, they never open their Mouths, but to affront Christianity, Civil Society,

ty, Decency and good Manners; after punishing your Ears with the filthy History of Debauchery and Excess (and laughing while they repeat their Sins, as if extreamly tickled at the Remembrance of them) Rail bitterly against *Marriage*, and tell you that none ever prais'd *Matrimony*, but (as Men do good *Mustard*) with Tears in their Eyes.

— That

“ The Bane of all Pleasure and Luggage of Life,

“ Was the best could be said of a very good Wife.

One of them said boldly, he never found any *Married Women* that denied in good Earnest. Whereupon a modest Gentleman asked him if his Mother was ever married, which set the Company a laughing. However, his Impudence arose to such a Pitch (tho' not to affront any) he sings as follows and d--mns the Waters.

“ No saucy Remorse,

“ Intrudes in my Course,

“ No impertinent Notions of Evil,

“ So there's Claret in Store,

“ In Peace I've my Whore,

“ And in Peace I jog on to the Devil.

Provoked Wife.

Reason, Gentlemen, every Man has his weak Side or other, whereby he exposes

poses the Ridiculousness of his Humour at Times, but that a Wretch should pride and please himself in his Iniquity and affect a Reputation from bearing up against the Laws of God and Man, in Proportion to his Measure of his Extravagance, is wonderful.

Beware of *DEBAUCHES*, and *smutty* and *immodest Discourse*, Songs, Books, Pictures, Intemperance in Meat and Drink and what else may add Fuel to your *Lust*. A Dishonest *Love* put all *Greece* in *Arms* and its Flames reduced to *Ashes* the fairest City in *Asia*.

A well bred Man never gives himself the *Liberty* to speak ill of *Women* much less to rail against *Marriage* which was God's first Ordinance, and confirm'd by Christ's first Miracle: and is honourable, holy, pure, and chaste: But Whoremongers, and Adulterers God will judge.—

Enter One Swearer. One that had such a Habit of Swearing, Truth and Lies were utter'd by him by an *equal Affirmation*; no sooner entered the Walks, but rapt out a *full mouth'd Oath*. Whereupon a Wiseman replied, other Sins seem to afford Pleasure or Profit, but according to the Divine *Herbert*,

Were I an *Epicure*, I could hate
Swearing,

Swearer

Swearer Replies, D--n me, Sir, It is only a Custom I mean no Harm by it.

Wiseman. Weak is th'Excuse that is on Custom built.

The Use of sinning lessens not the Guilt.

Swearer. Conf---d Canting : I swear only as the readiest Way to be believ'd.

Wiseman. One of God's Judgments against Swearing, is, the Number of their Oaths discredits even the Truth they would persuade. Our earnest Assertions give Men Suspicion, the Speaker is conscious of his own Falsties.

Swearer. P---x take me, If I can tell when I swear and when I don't.

Wiseman. 'Tis a bad Symptom, when Excrements are voided without the Patient's Knowledge.

Swearer. R---t Symptoms ; How can I help it ?

Wiseman. Fast and pray.

Swearer. Ha, ha, ha, I do neither.

Wiseman. I'm sorry for't, there's little Hope of a Soul that lives speechless. So the *Swearer* at last sighing, the *Wiseman* convey'd a Paper into his Hand and withdrew.

Reason. He that profanely swears, or speaks dishonourably of sacred Things, shews himself to be an ill-bred Clown ;

D

such

such Language grates the Ears of good Men, and forces them hastily to quit the Place. And happy Times indeed! amidst our Divisions, that Swearing is in general out of Fashion, but with the Vulgar.

Enter *Travellers*. A Few. They pretended, they had travell'd the whole World over, indeed they seem'd to be well-vers'd in the *Amorary Smirk*, the *Alamode Grin*, the *Antick Bow*, and newest Fashion Ogle, *Cringe*, &c. and could Cough and Spit in set Form, and not like the Vulgar; began to Blazon Cities, like *Heralds*. Telling you, *Constantinople* was the Store-house of *Greece*; *Paris*, the Regal of *France*; *Venice* the Eye of *Italy*, *Florence* the Seat of Beauty, and *Rome* the Lady City, whose Impress was *Orbis in Urbo*. Nevertheless, they preferr'd *Heidelberg* far before em all; for in it was a great *Tun*, contain'd 800 Hogsheads of Wine. Then they told you many strange Stories of their Adventures; full of tedious Repetitions, impertinent Digressions and absurd Contradictions. Ever making Mountains of Mole-hills, and multiplying what they had heard or seen, like the *Eccho* near *Charenton-Bridge*; which is said to reverberate the Voice ten times in Articulate Sounds.

Reason.

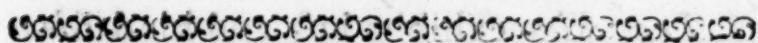
Reason. Some *Fops* measure their Deserts by the Bulk of their Estates; others pretend to Good Breeding, for being well dress'd and equipag'd; and assert a *Claim* to *Brains* for their Accuracy in *Modes* and *Fashions*, though at the same Time, a Fop is always out of Fashion, his Manners corrupted and his Mind infected. Such *Fools* of *Fortune's* making are more intolerable than *Naturals*. Generous and Noble Spirits view foreign *Nations*, to observe what may be for the *Publick Good* of their own *Country*, not to learn *Softness*, *Esfeminacy* and *Luxury*.

Travelling exhibits just and kind *Ideas* of Mankind; and is of singular Use to accomplish a *GENTLEMAN*. It enlarges all the *Faculties*, and takes off that *Narrowness* of *MIND*, which for Want of Knowledge of the World, is apt to *sour Conversation*; yet as the *BEE* converts to *Honey*; the *Spider* to *POISON*, *Travelling* betters a *WISEMAN*, makes a *FOOL* worse.

Enter Wisemen several Times. They tread the Walks with no affected Motion or Posture of the Body in walking; their Countenances full of Mildness and Courtesy; their Eyes more smiling than their Mouths; their *Discourse* grave and sober; their *Words* smooth and proper,

distinctly utter'd with due Respect to *Time, Place* and *Person*. Their *Addres- ses* to each other on the *Walks*, free and easy, nothing strained and unnatural. They were moderate in their judging about *Religion* and *Politicks*, desirous to reconcile Men in different Extreams to a *due Medium*. They drink the *Waters* as Men take *Physick* (not out of Wantonness) merely for *Health*.

Solomon says, *He that walketh with wise Men shall be wise, but a Companion of Fools shall be destroy'd.*



Particular Observations at the *WELLS*.

Of the People, and Occurrences.

On *Saturday, May 19. 1733.*

Their Royal Highnesses the Princess Royal, Princess *Amelia*, Princess *Carolina*. The Three Fix'd Stars because they always keep the same Distance among themselves, and not because without Motion. For they have two Mo-
tions,

tions, one is in common with the whole Heaven, which is from *East* to *West* on the Poles of the World, which carries all the Stars along with them, and this Revolution is made in 24 Hours; the other Motion is from the *West* to the *East* on the Poles of the Ecliptick. These Stars are Bodies that shine by their own Light. They are not any of them so low as the Planets; nor have ever eclipsed any Planets, which are wandring Bodies; Planets are not regular as those of the other Stars are, nor do they always keep at so due and becoming a Distance, but are sometimes nearer, sometimes farther off, and sometimes joyned, and sometimes opposite, these Planets are many in the World of the Moon. The fix'd Stars properly inhabit in the World of the Sun, but sometimes on extraordinary occasions pay a Visit to the Planets in the Dark World of the Moon. *Thursday. Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday*, following. The three Bright Stars, appeared to about 700 of the wandring Planets on *Thursday*. A Due regard was paid by the Planets to the Bright Stars, that they might move as it were in their own Sphere, either in a direct, Oblique or a Parallel Sphere, there were many pleasing Revolutions, and Changes, yet with the utmost Regularity.

On

On *Friday* the Planets encreased to near One Thousand. The same Stars, On *Saturday* four Noble Planets, two Stars, like wandring Planets, that had taken their Leave of the *Sun* at *St. James's* were added to the Number, and wandred in this dark World; took a Cooler or Two in a considering Cup and disappear'd. The same Day one of the Inhabitants brought a Gold Toy in a *Globular Case*, but for want of a proper *Watch*; it slipt Shell, and the Case was alter'd; in short 'tis all out of the Case, no wonder, the Case was bad, a Crack'd Case, and the Spring stark *nought*.

On *Saturday* an Increase of Planets to 1000. The Blazing Star disappear'd. On *Monday* an Increase of all Sorts of moveable Planets to the Number of 2000, *Tuesday*, Ditto. The Springs are fine, the Waters Christalline, but very scarce,

Gentlemen and Ladies,

10 JY 57

Adieu,

F. G. F. R. S.



THE
BLAZING STAR:
An ODE.



HAT can the *British*
[*Senate* give,
To make the Name of
[*Anna* live?
By future *People* to be
[sung,
The Labour of each grateful Tongue.
Let Heavenly Muse burn with Desire,
To praise *Nassau* whom all admire :

From

From *Dykes*, thro' *Deep*s does *Nassau*
[ride,

With *Anna*'s Angels by his Side ;

(Let *Anna* then be *Nassau*'s Bride :)

Then sure the promis'd Hour is come

To sound the *Trumpet* and the *Drum* :

When in *soft Notes* the *Nuptial Lyre*

Shall play what *God* and *Men* desire.

F I N I S.

10 JY 57



